THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1639.

Choice Poetry.

HOW LONG!

"Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. 21. 5.

Tell do they linger,—these slow trending ages!
How long must we still hear their sad dirges?
Stench after stench the glowing dawn presages,
And yet it breaks not—the expected day!

Each tossing year with prophet lip hath spoken,
"Prepare your pages, earth, awake and sing!"
And yet you dome of blue remains unbroken,
No tidings yet of the descending king!

Darkness still darkens, sorrow now and sorrow
The lightning gleam; the never-ceasing moan;
And the over-leaf of earth is growing corse.
Creation droops, and heaves a bitter groan!

Oh! storm and earthquake, wind and warring thunder!
Your hour is coming; one wild outburst more—
One clear day of war, and worth, and plunder—
And then your desolating reign is o'er.

Those plains are not your battle-field forever!
That silent deep was never made to be
These mountains were not built for you to shiver—
These lofty woods were not for you to devastate!

Woe, and gore hath reach in its weakest guidance,
The early freshness of its unsoiled dew
Take heavy and wickedness with its stormy violence
And let those wrinkled skies their youth renew!

Love hath that day of days; he cometh and forever,
When, like a gem now set, earth flung afar
Her cloak of sorrow—and, no shadow
Sparkling in beauty to each kindred star.

I come back, then holy love, to widely banished
When evil shall be one nothing of the memory;
Return, your joyous light, so quickly vanished
Receive, those low that death hath quenched so long!

Be Ev, to-day the chain so lately broken
That bindeth now and forever shall be gone!
Hang out on high the ever-golden token,
That tells of sorrow's night and sweet forgiven

Withdraw the veil that has for ages hidden
That upper kingdom from the nether sphere;
Unsow the lids of seeing, and unbind the hearing;
Oh God, Thy will take up Thy dwelling-place!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF
EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "DISCIPLINED,"
"THE DESERTED DAUGHTER,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

So true after true will
With the fall at the very last
Restitution is chosen;
With the thrill of a great deliverance
Into our souls will the glad heart start,
And then shall know those same once cursed
Above—those same so home before!
How sone is the only good of the world!
Henceforth he loved as never one love
Or been divine, or hated supreme!

The confidential communication made by Mr. Ferry was probably a much more serious affair than that executive gentleman, for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of the officers in "making a night of it" over at his house. Certainly, on reaching the home of their host, they found company awaiting their arrival, and they passed the evening in the jolly festivity of country hospitality. A bountiful supper and well served late at night, from which they did not separate until the "small hours." Then many of the guests were compelled to remain all night in the morning, which delayed the family breakfast several hours. Therefore it was after nine o'clock, before Major Clifton, very much against the will of his old comrade, could get to Ashwell, and set out to return to Greenwood. It was eleven o'clock when he reached the farm house. The hands were all in their allotted long-rooms engaged in their various domestic occupations of the morning, and Mrs. Ellsworth, who he entered, and gave them the morning salutation. And then—

"How is Mrs. Clifton this morning, father? Can I see her immediately?"

"Mrs. Clifton, sir!" said the eldest lady, looking up in surprise. "Mrs. Clifton is gone, sir. Did you not know it?"

"Gone!" repeated Archer Clifton, incredulously.

"Yes, sir."

"Gone!" he reiterated, in consternation.

"Yes, sir. We certainly thought that you were aware of her departure, sir."

"Most certainly not! Gone! When? how? Where, madam, and whither?" he demanded.

"We do not know, sir. Indeed, since you cannot tell us, we thought that she had gone to join you, as Mr. Ferry, sir, were very sorry, indeed—"

"How long since she left? How did she go? Pardon my vehemence, dear madam."

"We partook of our usual meal with Mrs. Clifton late about four hours since, at seven o'clock, immediately after breakfast. She went away on the horse that was standing for me that day as her own. She left us very much against our agreement, as indeed, indeed, we were all gladly have detained her."

"Gone! Good Heavens, was she able to go?"

"No, sir, assuredly she was not."

Archer Clifton sank into a chair, exclaiming,

"Pray, tell me, dear madam, the circumstances of this departure, and all as near as you recollect the time I left, until the send away."

"Why, sir, after you left, she continued in the same state of mind, and the same way, until about when she began to show symptoms of awakening. I sent out and ordered the hot bath to be prepared, and sat down to wait for her. As she drew near to consciousness, her face lost that look of profound repose, and began to assume an expression of suffering. Her brows folded, and her lips sprang apart and quivered, as with a spasm of sharp pain, and her eyes flared open suddenly, and she was awake. I seized her how hot fish, and she was confined. She looked but upon again, and shut her teeth tightly, like one who is trying to keep silently some sharp, inward pain. The bath was then prepared to the bedside, and we began to get her ready for it; but on the slightest attempt to move her, she cried out so deeply, that we instantly dared to let her for some minutes. I knew then how it was—that her muscles were still and painful, from the severe exertion of such a long exposition journey. And I knew also that the hot bath could relieve her, and the doctor's directions had been peremptory, so we tried again, and placed her in the bath. And very soon the hot water seemed to alleviate her sufferings. And when we put her comfortably to bed again, she thanked us very sweetly. I inquired how she found herself. She answered, 'Better'—adding, that she thought, by her hard exercise, she had hurt some part of her chest or side, which had given her great pain, but which was now partially relieved."

"Did she seem very much better? Was her voice strong in speaking?"

"No, it was very weak and faint, and frequently broken, as by some inward pain, as I said."

"Go on, dear lady."

"We brought her a cup of tea and a plate of toast, of both of which she partook slightly. It was then after nine o'clock, and she begged that she might be left entirely to herself, as she was very desire to rest—and that she was better, and would try to sleep again. She then composed herself to rest, and the girls all left the room. I remained watching until I thought she slept, and then I lay down to rest on the other bed in the same room. I think she passed a good night, for I could not divest myself of uneasiness upon her account, and so I could not get to sleep until after midnight, and during all that time I never heard her move, or sigh. After I did get to sleep, however, I slept very soundly, till near six o'clock. And when I awoke, what was my surprise, to see her up and dressed, as for a journey. She looked very pale and ill and seemed faint, and in fastening her habit, she frequently stopped and leaned against the bedpost for support. I soon quickly and inquired what was the matter, and begged her to lie down again. But she only waved her hand against me, with a most imploring gesture. I expostulated with her, but her arguments and persuasions were alike in vain—she only answered, 'I must go.'"

"Oh, Heaven! Where, where did she wish to go?"

"We do not know. She was not communicative, and we did not like to question her."

"And she—did she ask for me?"

"No, sir."

"Not for me?"

"No, sir."

"Forgive me, dear madam. Indeed I fear my questions must appear almost rude, but I feel my great anxiety must be my excuse."

"Your anxiety is very natural, sir, and we excuse it."

"Did she know that I was in the neighborhood? Did she see one looking for?"

"We cannot tell whether she knew of your presence here. We did not tell her, for, as I said, she made no inquiries, and there was no question about her despair that she itself in from the lady's rooms was clouded."

"Her despair!"

"Yes, sir. Indeed it would be scarcely deception to say that she was in a state of deep sorrow, or to say that she was the most hopeless looking human being I ever saw. Her face seemed like one who had seen her last hope go down."

"Merciful God!"

"We used every method, except force, to prevent her leaving us, though we were impressed with the idea that she was not fit to go. And after her departure, in consulting together, we were glad that we had not exerted such gentle coercion, for we all suspected that that lady's reason was clouded."

"Great God! Have I driven her to despair—to madness—perhaps to death!" thought Archer Clifton, but he checked the self-castigation, and to conceal the depths and extent of his anxiety, and inquired, "What road did she take?"

"The Ashwell road, sir, which is the branches off towards Mr. Ferry's a quarter of a mile up, which was one of our reasons for supposing that she had gone to join you."

"Thank you, dear madam, for supposing that she had gone to join you."

Taking a hasty leave of the family, Major Clifton remounted his horse, and rode immediately up the road, meeting General Conover and Frank, who had lagged behind on their return home. Stopping them, he communicated what had happened, but concealed his worst fears, and they rode on together, Frank and the General both left for her Virginia home, in ignorance of his liberation, and his presence in the neighborhood, and that he wished, if possible, to overtake her, before she had proceeded far upon her road. Frank immediately turned rein to accompany him, while General Conover, with many expressions of regret and sympathy, bore leave of them, to return to Greenwood, and explain their absence.

The road lay for many miles through a dense forest, and they galloped onward for hours without meeting a single traveler, or seeing a solitary house. Consequently, they were much surprised when they came upon a party of straggling soldiers, lodged in the deserters from the British army. But these men, when questioned, gave such a clear account of themselves, and declared that they had left for Virginia home, in ignorance of his liberation, and his presence in the neighborhood, and that he wished, if possible, to overtake her, before she had proceeded far upon her road. Their testimony induced them to let them proceed

Foreign Letter.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

English Farm Enclosures and their Wages—Factory Operatives—How They Live—Factory Children.

My phenomenal ten inferences of England point favorably to the rural districts; yet they are not associated with pain. Formerly, when I was the greatest evildoer of successful agriculture where the land seemed a passion of beauty, there I heard the most frequent complaints from the laboring classes. I am well aware that one must take, with some caution, the expression of an individual as an indication of the average conduct of his class, or even of the actual condition of his informant. He may justly query whether complaints from such quarters may not arise from that disposition in human nature to think the present but the worst possible. Yet, when I found the rate of wages in harmonize as well with their cry of "hard times," I thought that their dissatisfaction had another origin than in a fault-finding disposition. In one section the rate of wages in Warwickshire, the best cultivated country which I visited. Men at work, from morning till night, said they received 10d. or 12d. Women, who worked as long and as hard, according to universal custom, received half price. Tasmeters, who rose with the sun in Summer, and labored from him in Winter, and who never found their beds till after sunset, received 10 shillings per week. Lads of twelve and fourteen, who should have been at school, were breaking stones for the road, at sixpence a day. At this rate, when they fed their morning, their mid-day, and their evening meal. In the same neighborhood, chatting with a keeper of a toll-gate, and his wife, I had the curiosity to make some inquiry into their well-being. They considered themselves rather a fortunate pair; by their own and their children's exertions, they could make twelve or thirteen shillings weekly. They paided their poor neighbors, who, with large families, could only make nine shillings per week, not many, they said, had to be content with seven. I am at a loss to know how they succeed in appearing so comfortable, on so little money. Their cottages are almost uniformly neat, evidently generally in a profusion of vines and rose-bushes, and surrounded by little patches, of perhaps half an acre, on which they raise no inconsiderable part of their vegetables. These cottages rent for £5 or £6 per annum. Meat must be to most of them a luxury that they do not often taste. They exercise an economy in clothing, that is rarely seen among the Americans. They have little acquaintance with the last Paris fashions, the drab, corduroy breeches and the red vest, well brushed, will be kept coat, speak in unmistakable language of "Long, long ago." After all, they perhaps enjoy as good health, live as long lives, as those who eat roast beef and plum pudding every day. My sympathies are less interested for them on account of what they eat, drink and wear, than because they seem to be deprived of all supply of intellectual food. Schools, for the free education of all, are inconceivable to most of them. The necessity for them must press itself upon the attention of every inquirer. The lad, to whom I have already referred, as a stone-breaker, was very ignorant. Sunday schools had given him all the education he had ever received, and in the branches upon which I catechised him, he showed that they make a very poor sub-titute for the common schools. I did not step out of my department to make inquiries into the Sunday-school system.

My inquiries respecting the condition of the agricultural classes were not confined to the farmers; I mentioned it with some of the rectors, and found similar complaints coming from them. Here, they were directed against dissenting taxes and removed protection. I found most of them anxious for the success of the ministerial candidates in the then pending election. They hoped that something would be done for their benefit, though few were sanguine enough to expect the re-enactment of corn-laws; indeed, few seemed to desire it, but they looked for some ineffectable good from a ministerial victory. Those whose expectations took a definite form, thought that D'Israeli's indemnity would be a removal of some of the many taxes that weigh upon the agriculturist, from the shoulders of the renter to those of the land owner. I thought it required a large amount of faith, to suppose that a party, made up largely of landed aristocracy, would ignore its past practice to this extent.

The gathering of the hay and grain presented some features of novelty to me; some marked contrasts to the methods I have seen employed in my visits to American farms. Patent reapers have not yet found their way into those parts in which it was my fortune to spend the Summer; but as they are not yet very common in Pennsylvania, this did not seem strange to me. It seemed odd, however, to find the sickle, a Sunday's relic, in use from the cradle, and to see thirty or forty hands turned into the corn, with no weapon but the ancient implement. knife: to see them trudging home in the evening, with no gentlemen cradle on the shoulder, but the more unfortunate sickle in hand. My earliest recollections of country life, bring the sickle to my mind as a rare, though needful instrument, only brought into use in some case or special difficulty, when fingered or unfingered it was the surgical to the emergency, or it was not a little surprised, therefore, when I found it still held in place in a country so much older than ours. The same absence of innovation is shown in other agricultural implements. You see wagons that are themselves a load. You see, in the hay field, the hand-rake, used as a gleaner, almost invariably, instead of a rake, a horse and horse-rake, you will see a long row of men and women diligently encircling the field. It is possible that the rate of wages, and the greater heaviness of the crops, may lead to the continuation of old customs, quite as much as a dread of change. There was one peculiarity in reference to the harvest field, that was novel and pleasant—the gleaning. All that is left behind, after the binder has done his work, belongs to the poor of the parish, and to those recently shorked field, you will see women and children, scattered here and there, gathering the ungathered stalks, and preserving them to little benefits for the winter. I was told that not unfrequently a shilling is obtained, and, in the course of the harvest, in obtaining what enough in this way to last through the year. The sheaves standing much more thick, by one the fields than we find them on the farms near Philadelphia, speak the same language that I heard from the workmen, that their crops are heavier than with us. Forty-fifty bushels of wheat per acre was considered, as they said, an extraordinary yield of it. In recollection serves me, half of the latter bushel would satisfy some Pennsylvanians who call themselves good farmers upon good farms.

To pass from the country and the condition of the agricultural population, let us enter the manufacturing towns, and see how the spring of labor can be found there. England is becoming far more a working than a producing country. It is her manufactures that make her what she is; her ever-flourishing income that she is fostering or freeing. In the great centre of manufacturing industry, you will see the type of industry in England's future. England's perplexities. The retrospect of visits to these towns, is not, altogether, so pleasant as what I remember of the worse-paid but better looking peasantry. In Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds and Manchester, I had the best opportunities of inspecting the workshops and warehouses, and of observing the habits and condition of the factory and the workwomen. In Manchester alone, I found an opportunity of a somewhat particular interest, as the time of these towns that I visited, I was going in at I did, late in the afternoon, and at a time when an election was taking place, and the worst face was presented to me. The circumstances under which I found myself, made no bad recognize of the shadow, not the sun. I had left Warwick and Kenilworth Castle, and a succession of ivied landscapes that seemed to changed suddenly into the manufacturing, dust-filled town. The hands, just turned from the shops, many, very many standing at the doors of the gin-shops, of which the number is legion. They looked as if their trade were very frequent. The next morning I visited several large establishments, and had a better appearance of the hands by those whom I saw at work. I found much to interest me in the glass, brittania and paper-mache manufactories, but I will confine myself to the subject of a future letter. At present I have only to do with workmen, not with their work. The wages of those employed, not only in Birmingham, but in the other towns namely, are much higher than those received for labor on the farm. An industrious, skilful man, can earn in his factories which I visited, from 25 shillings to 40 shillings per day; yet in many cases, I am not sure that I might not say in a majority, there is much less apparent comfort than in the rural part of the agricultural laborer. The factory hand is dressed in many modern garments, but they hang loosely, carelessly, and often raggedly on him. He is not so well fed as the peasant, and his dwelling house no comparison in point of neatness, with the pretty cottages that dot the passing scenery. Two large causes the absence of flowers around the houses of the poor in a city, you may perhaps excuse the presence of filth, though moderately struggles with charity in the office. Now is it, that with so much greater means of comfort, in almost every particular, the inhabitant of the city is inferior to the countryman? Why is it that the narrow, close unventilated, smoky streets of towns are filled with drunken, unwashed men, unwashed women, and ragged, squalid children, destitute of learning, irreligious to a wonderful extent? The answer comes up like a chorus, in which the o'ermastering voice is, they are victims not of the factory, but of the gin-shop! It is not low wages, hard work, and long days; only in part poor food, which is the cause of so much misery and lowness, that make the misery you see.

You may, indeed, have no shrinkage in all of these items, question where the work people live with a tolerable degree of comfort. You must first become a little accustomed to the dingy appearance of a place, over which hovers an incessant cloud of smoke, discolored with coal protestation, and shrouding the city in an everlasting mourning suit. You are soon convinced that the dinginess has justly its source in nature, and may be joy and gladness within. Those who have been born, have no shrinkage your thick miserable fellow laborers, save in greater intensity of blackness and dirt, contain great accumulated or less temptation. A single incident of a visit to the largest cutlery in Sheffield, probably is the best, considering the object of the exploration. I noticed that many of the hands were also drunken, long rows of them, without workmen, forges unfired, tools lying idle. On asking my guide for an explanation, he said,—"Oh, it is Monday, and these men don't expect a full complement of hands." Certainly more than one-half of the hands present vacant. He assured me that it was no unusual number, and that many were absent till the middle of the week, when, having drunken of all they had earned the week before, they were ready to replenish their exhausted coffers. This is the tax that weighs upon the nation. It is not enough that from the hands of labor some come that supports the lords of the land in splendor and extravagance, but there must be added to the poor tax of double or triple this amount, to support the lords of the gin-palace. Ah! it is a terribly fact that the people of the United Kingdom, spend annually, for liquor, a sum equal to the whole expenses of the Government—interest on the national debt, army, navy, royalty, aristocracy, leisure and all.

C. G.

Miscellaneous.

FRANKLIN'S STATUE.—We find the following in a New York paper. It probably has appeared in some one of our Philadelphia sheets:

FRANKLIN'S STATUE.—The statue over the entrance to the Philadelphia Library stands the statue of this practical philosopher, which will be known, and not the less prized for it, by the classical inscription which graces its pedestal. He is made to say, (if our ears be applied to an attitude so preposterous,) with the left elbow on a pile of books, while the right hand is extended behind his back. He holds in his right hand, drooping, an uncoiled scroll, as if the head were full of what his was based on politics.

On the several of this statue in Philadelphia, the Directors of the Library Company convened to determine on the proper designation. The majority, those Quakers, of the true stock, simply screwed up to the sticking-point." William-penn, and not a Quaker—entered his taste by proposing to inscribe on the pedestal—

FRANKLIN.

THE GIFT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ESQUIRE.

But this would not do, and the following became the inscription.

THIS STATUE OF GR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS THE GIFT OF HIS FRIEND, A. B.

So here is a stater twice-told—first in anglo-saxon, and next plain vernacular tongue. Who can tabulate it?

Fortnity doth this effort of human genius remind one of a Dutch dauber, who, having painted a sign with the figures of a man and a bear, presented the work to his employer below, with the

"*Bin in de man, and dat is de bear.*"

One way to correct the bad taste of this figure of Franklin, is to correct our own taste, and not to be content it into a bust, by lopping off all of other parts.

A SECRET INCIDENT.—On Thursday afternoon, as Irishman was endeavoring to put a large box on his back, and it was on Broadway, his efforts were frustrated by a push against the box, which seemed disposed to aid him in his difficulty. Mr. Hastings, a well known merchant, was attracted to the scene, when, without the slightest hesitation, or the least consideration for the feelings of the owner of the box, he gave the rough box, and enabled its owner to back it on the shoulders of the lender, who, thanking his stars, and enabled its owner to back it on the shoulders of the lender, who, thanking him well, proceeded on her way. The kindness of the act and the grace with which it was performed, will be remembered by a woman.—N. Y. Sunday Courier.

FELL IN LOVE WITH A DAGUERREOTYPE.—The following appeared recently in a Cincinnati paper:—A lady in the East having seen the daguerreotype of a very handsome young man of our city, became so much enamored of his countenance, that she came to this city on a visit, curiously to know him. Impelled by this curiosity, she visited Cincinnati a fortnight since, and was introduced to the original of the picture, and was so much pleased with him that she made up her mind to become acquainted with him at once, and that the lady is fair, intellectual, and withal, rich, and young friend has cause to thank his stars for his good fortune. He met her, in the bay field, the hand-rake, used as a gleaner, almost invariably, instead of a rake, a horse and horse-rake, you will see a long row of men and women diligently encircling the field. It is possible that the rate of wages, and the greater heaviness of the crops, may lead to the continuation of old customs, quite as much as a dread of change. There was one peculiarity in reference to the harvest field, that was novel and pleasant—the gleaning. All that is left behind, after the binder has done his work, belongs to the poor of the parish, and to those recently shorked field, you will see women and children, scattered here and there, gathering the ungathered stalks, and preserving them to little benefits for the winter. I was told that not unfrequently a shilling is obtained, and, in the course of the harvest, in obtaining what enough in this way to last through the year. The sheaves standing much more thick, by one the fields than we find them on the farms near Philadelphia, speak the same language that I heard from the workmen, that their crops are heavier than with us. Forty-fifty bushels of wheat per acre was considered, as they said, an extraordinary yield of it. In recollection serves me, half of the latter bushel would satisfy some Pennsylvanians who call themselves good farmers upon good farms.

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SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2,50 if not paid in advance. No paper unless one copy is sent three years. We can not depart from these terms. All letters to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	-	$5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)		$10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)		$15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)		$20 00 "

A LIBERAL TO CLUBS.—Any person having the names of two subscribers, can have the two names to it at the same rate, provided the whole number in the two clubs shall not at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them on hand, for the first week, to any additions in such Club, and at one and the same time, and this premium confined.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be obtained, if possible, as no letter to cost can be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters are authorized, in sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them send to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as that of the Town, in which they live. *All postage is post paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office to which it is desired sent.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up lists for Clubs for the Nineteenth Post, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In addition to the attractions already announced for the coming year, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to say, that she will write us a series of Letters From Europe. She expects to spend the greater part of the Winter in Rome, and will devote many pages to a graceful and brilliant narrative of the scenes and society she may meet with in that famous city and the adjacent portions of Italy.

OUR NOVELETS.

We continue this week the "Curse of Clifton"—in our opinion, taking it all in all, one of the best novelets Mr. Southworth has yet written.

Next week, we design beginning Mr. Bennett's novelet,

CLARA MORELAND.

To be followed, in the course of a month or six weeks, by Mrs. Lee Hentz's original novelet of

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

And, as we again send out Prospectuses, on account of the extended size of the columns, we may repeat, for the benefit of "outsiders" the chance to see this number of the Post, that, after the explanation of the above novelets, we shall publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, known to Women readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another story from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

Of course, the usual Miscellany of Poetry, Wit and Humor, Short stories, sketches of travels, from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

CITY LIFE.

Our readers doubtless have heard of an old couplet, which reads as follows:—

"How we go, down, down, down—
And then we go, down, down, down."

and then will perhaps see in the following extract from one of the standard tales of that golden period, when everything is going "up, up, up."

The New York Express says:—The extravagance the city, and the people of the city are becoming fearful. Only the other day, a friend of ours, a geographer by profession, but a broker in Wall-street in the meantime, was in the act of purchasing a house on the Fifth-avenue, when he was informed that he must be able to fulfil his bargain, or be a Minister of State, and that he could not be both. The humblest office of a ministry could not be had to display all his knowledge of geography, and he must be able to exercise all those duties which are required of him under existence. Every moment he has to think of the sea and the land of the tourist—of his self-possession, and of the ocean, and all those elements and removed, on most every day, and every hour, and the weather and the seasons, which are changing he has to study, and be familiar with. We have seen it suggested that, in the press of his official duties, he would not have time to go to his meals, and in the midst of extravagance, he must be content with a crust of bread and a cup of water. At every moment he has to think of the sea and the land of the tourist—of his self-possession, and of the ocean, and all those elements and removed, on most every day, and every hour, and the weather and the seasons, which are changing he has to study, and be familiar with. We have seen it suggested that, in the press of his official duties, he would not have time to go to his meals, and in the midst of extravagance, he must be content with a crust of bread and a cup of water. At every moment he has to think of the sea and the land of the tourist—of his self-possession, and of the ocean, and all those elements and removed, on most every day, and every hour, and the weather and the seasons, which are changing he has to study, and be familiar with. We have seen it suggested that, in the press of his official duties, he would not have time to go to his meals, and in the midst of extravagance, he must be content with a crust of bread and a cup of water.

What you are running to? is very evident. You are running to that perilous elevation, from which you will be dashed to pieces. Stop! stop! Turn not on a moment, and after you get to—up, up, up, for a while longer, you will begin to go down, down, down, and by a constantly accelerating velocity—being finally dashed out of all, even human form, by reaching the ground.—What are you coming for? Why, that is the question, and, for a man to ask who has never lived in fact.

One of our city Dailies, however, this contemporaries upon what we have quoted from the Express?

The latter is indeed high, and it may be desired that the Express may keep a look out for the right and proper for those who have enough and to spare, or who are willing to wait a little for riches, to spend their money freely. Meanwhile, we would suggest to the Editors of the Express, and the industrial classes generally, are really benefitted in the long run, by such extravagant expenditures as those of which the Express and writers speaked take the notice of extravagance. Nothing, and certainly not self-sacrificing. Regular and continual expenditures benefits the whole community, and gives them constant employment at fair prices, which is what they need. But the benefit conferred upon the industrial classes by a single act of extravagance, such as lavish prices upon them for services rendered, or articles supplied, is only temporary, and if it be so equally long period, and paving a most starvation prices for the little that is required, is a fair and natural charge.

Besides, we need call to mind what the world is now to do—and that is, to build houses, and give employment. While we would be the last to oppose a reasonable expenditure of money on the part of the rich, for whole many mansions to embrace and high culture of mind, and cultivate taste, we would say to them, as far as the plea of giving employment to the industrial classes is concerned, to improve their own minds, and to build houses for the poor. Let them build houses for the poor. Let them build houses for the poor. Let them

SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Labels, &c., Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 13th, the Secretary read a letter from Mr. King, who is absent, resigned. Mr. Cass moved that Mr. Underwood be appointed. Mr. Bayard moved to suspend the rules requiring the nomination to be made by ballot.

Mr. Cass said he had left the Senate for some time, and had a fair opportunity of observing it from a point of view of nominating them. He would like to have it stated for the information of the new members, and he was glad to see that they had arrived.

Mr. Bright said he had been a member of the Committee which he intended to submit to the Senate. The Committee had been in session for a week or more, and had now agreed upon a report. He had supported the change of numbers. The members of the political party had the privilege of nominating. Gentlemen named three persons on each Committee of five, and two on each Committee of three. The Committee was founded by Senator Pearce, and the Whigs nominated the Democrats. He was opposed to the principle of proportion of numbers. The Democratic party in New Hampshire was not on any Committee because the Democratic party supported the Whigs in the election of the majority leader proportion of numbers. The Democratic party in New Hampshire was not on any Committee because the Democratic party supported the Whigs in the election of the majority leader proportion of numbers.

Mr. Bright said he was glad to find the Democratic party in favor of Committees, and he was proud of the course taken for the resolutions of the majority. He was glad to see a disposition of his brethren and patience in the Committee of Thirteen. Senator Lewis and Senator Clemens. He appealed to every member of the Committee to support the report. He was willing to be supported in this. As the Senator from Indiana had recommended, had announced that upon announcement on Committees, he would not insist upon the qualification of members as from the Sobriety with which they conducted themselves in the performance of the duties of the Senate. He was glad to see that the

Selected Poetry.

SONG FOR THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

BY G. S. BULLIGH.

Let the daylight steal away, love, from the cozy-lighted West,
And the lowering darkness settle, like a tired spirit to its rest;
Softly softly down upon us, in the dreamy twilight time,
Upon our souls, that mingle sweetly,
Tenderly delight and love entwining,
The close Present with the misty, mellow light of other days.

Kindle not the yellow lamplight, while the growing shadows steal,
With a softly tempting motion which our eyes ignore feel,
Send down, silently and fathoming, as if they felt the wings
Of the dusk, still dear, Departed.—
The Departed, gentle beauty of the twilight time,
Coming to us in the twilight with their holy whisperings.

Oh, the blending, lovely blending of the starlight in the room,
With the hidden dance of the firelight in the dimly purpled gloom,
Like the glance of those remembered eyes which met their starry glow
With the home-joy and the laughter, Laughter with its peace thereafter,
Laughing love out, at the silence, from our own eyes to and fro.

Let the moon-rise shed its silver silence round us in its sweetness!
The white silence of our early love comes over us, as it came,
Oh, tenderer and sweeter now than in its early morn
And the dews which flowered the midnight,
Answering to her longed flowers,
Are not fresher than the very tears that from the depth are borne

Selected Articles.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROOMS AND THEIR ORNAMENTS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The sun shines brightly to-day, and his beneficence lovingly from the flowers without to those within the room, and rest upon the "face" that stands among them: the light is tested also somehow by this green drapery, and reminds us of the leaves and beauty which are to us as the dew. We find, in the effect of the whole, such a delicate relief of the nature outside, that we live with a half-conscious perception that but a few-like division exists between us and the birds and blossoms in the garden. We love this room as we do few others, not for the evidences of wealth in it, though these are clear, but because the idea regulating its arrangement is predominant through all its details. Affection and love of beauty were present at its creation as home, and life, and worked it into harmony. All rooms might have this kind of beauty, spite of their slight modifications from position and wealth.

Character, in reality, has everything to do with it. Scarce half an atom of their inhabitants. No one will doubt who remembers the cold, formal arrangement of the drawing-room "at school," where the chairs stood in their prismoot rows and couples, and the whole place breathed such an air of stern propriety, that we doubted whether a hearty laugh would not be unbecoming in it; or the uncomfortable, ordered, conventional drawing-room, which has such fine-looking, unreadable books on its polished tables; or the cheerful tiny room of the friend who has very little money, but very much taste, and who keeps an engraving there, and puts flowers here, and sunlight there, and arranges with one other child inside (because of the sun had passed the hour of twelve, and yet no tidings of the last one were had. The neighborhood was excited; the police had been and every instrument of the rustic kind, were marshalled for the search. But again night, with its Egyptian horrors, set in, without rendering the little cherished one. Minutes seemed hours with the distracted mother.

At length the long-looked-for morning came, and with it the welcome news that the child was found. It had strayed a considerable distance from home, and had fallen asleep in a field. Its little dress, they should be well lighted, and as thoroughly ventilated as they can be made—the eye should be pleased with their general effect—no detail of coloring or furniture should mar it; they should be filled with gentle relief, not uniformity of color; and there should be as many waving lines, instead of angles, as possible. They should contain all things necessary to their several characters but nothing very superfluous: and their whole arrangement should indicate, and be conversant to, the idea that prompted it. Above all, they should have in them things of use, things to soothe the thoughts, stimulate the fancy, and suggest something higher than the ordinary uses which they serve. Houses, perhaps, even to the life of a day, experience many fluctuations of mood, of joy or sadness; and there should be some thing, if not person, in their homes, that would suggest to them tender sympathy and remembrance.

Are we not? It is wonder now and then hyacinth bulbs are, thoughtful; but equally still living flowers to them, as time and patience will let us. Are we glad? These trees and grass blades give us the confidence, and we rejoice together. Are we dull? That beautiful French form moves us into sensible spirit. Are we weary of climbing, and dissatisfied with our want of success? Turn to that Highland cot: we remember, that all who toil have had to the way, and secure worthily, shall at length be transfigured in the light of truth and beauty. There are few of any rooms that need be without some such suggestive and counsel. Nature often does lavishly to all who care to seek them: and first, and most generously, her loveliest of ornaments, flowers, which are the highest of all living room accessories, as well as the sweetest of college adornments. Not-me-nots, also—which is more difficult to get, but when arranged with taste, is an exquisite in color—in a sweet remembrance of wet-eyed beauties and the noise of the spray. Bits of pine bark and fir-cones are beautiful to endure, and bring back to us pictures of woods gleaming in the Northern light, and well-known landscapes seen through vistas of tall stems against clouds and breezes: a group of ivy-leaves, or basket of tips-corn, requires nothing but a little general adjustment to throw over a light of beauty over many a dull corner. But none of these ornaments are profitable, and can but delight us for a time: we must have something more permanent. Ah, then, there are shelfs which will receive us, and become the summer of the water, and reflect all the colors of sea and sky together, one to another, as in a transmutation: the graceful nautilus, from whose mouth shall hang in festoons, some pendent lichenous shell there "Cockle-hat" which glimmers in the rainbows as it lies upon the table: and hence the imprint of sea-weed, which is one of the rarities. Remote, nautical, and paintings can be purchased only by the wealthy, so we will not speak of them: we will not blame us if not as we can to public galleries, and meanwhile ingenious can each fine combination of color and engraving may become ours. There are rarely becoming sweet common among us, and true nature of antique and modern art. German gold, and Italian Madonnas, may be not own homeland delights by the engravings of a few shillings. Of course, to the taste and requirements of each individual must be left the selection of the kind and character of the beauty he desires to have around him.

Some subjects are not best suited for enjoyment in rooms destined for solitary use, others for those of general resort—some touch too peculiarly for our tastes, and are unknown to us at all. Of the last character is St. Catherine borne by Angels" by Raphael—the next finest beneath them, they fly so easily and yet so calmly! we are to the air too with them, and touch how small the world looks, with its load-dens of wrong and suffering, as we career out way through the fields of ether to luminate the stars, and that lovely one the spirit held so tenderly, how still and calm is every line! she is so at peace after all her sorrow, age-ing, and for a space to be still as she in those angel arms. Of the same is Raphael's "Transfiguration," which is magnificent if we only contemplate the grouping of the figures, but truly solemn in the silence it suggests. Poussin's "Nursery and Bacchus" is full of elegance and graceful in the highest degree, is peculiarly suited for generally cheerful rooms and occasional light. But apathiness crowd into our recollection for which we have not space. General allusions-ing-rooms have a certain stiff regularity of suggestion—they will have a variety of inhabitants to their visitors, and while hanging on walls of a certain unity, they should contain pleasure for all, and stimuli for differing minds. We would not have stiffness shut in from works of art which rouse too painful a class of emotions. Faraday's gentleness of mood: Upon in Prince, in which the stony fondness of despair deprecates, as we gaze, almost of the living hope within, we contain of best leaves to have been imbibed. That wonderfully beautiful mortale of Francesca di Rimini and her lover, which appeared in the Great Exhibition last year, would come under the same law of banishment. It realised so perfectly the lovingness of hell, that at sight of it we seemed in spirit as Dante did in reality. Life has so many stern realities for most of us, that in art we need relief, and generally desire to find renewed hope and faith through delight and guidance.

In rooms where we need care to please only ourselves, we can indulge our own tastes more entirely and freely. In these, shall we not have a Madonna whose "eyes are home of silent prayer?" a copy of Sir John Boddy's Christ," so touching in its sad and noble sweetly? or one based on engraving of poet to her, which shall be to us as a biography, never failing to stimulate us into love and devotion? Or shall we have a copy of that fine Memory, who stands meeting lightly on the earth with one foot, and raising ourselves their hymn, in the act of ascending from it—the embodiment of aspiration? All these things are symbols of noble thought, and they may belong to us as easily now as a copy of Bacon or Shakspeare. Here is great cause for rejoicing in modern inventions, oil china, and such-like things, with one day be superseded in drawing-rooms, just as the old, has barcamly—closed "Arabs" and "Abrahams" of the cottage may now easily be by pictures in better perspective, and prints. Then there will be danger of crowding rooms, with good things—great middle class as cannot should have a simple background, should "show like metal on a sullen ground." Rooms, from complications of wealth or taste, should never be more than quiet-partly curiosity-shops. Forbearance and self-control are necessary even in this as in all things. "To gild refined gold" is worse than useless.

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THRILLING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, writing from Detroit, Michigan, under date of October 14, relates the following:

An incident occurred on last Thursday afternoon, which filled the town with alarm and excitement, and which called forth many a legend of the kind remembered by the oldest inhabitants.

A few boys who had been out on a hunting excursion, called at one of their neighbor's and began shooting at a mark. A little girl about eight years old, who had formerly had an ill seen that had affected her head, got alarmed at the firing, and ran into the woods.

In a few hours she was missed, and it was remembered that she had been seen running towards the woods, and consequently a search began—last night came on, and with it rain, which rendered further search for her that night impossible. On Friday morning the search was renewed, but returned. Its frantic parents, with one other child inside (another died), and the son had passed the hour of twelve, and yet no tidings of the last one were had. The night inclosed was excited; the police had been and every instrument of the rustic kind, were marshalled for the search. Yet again night, with its Egyptian horrors, set in, without rendering the little cherished one. Minutes seemed hours with the distracted mother.

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Wit and Humor.

SUMPTUAL RAPTURES.—The Petersburgh (Va.) Express prints the following parody on the "Raptures" of Owen Meredith, supposed to have been bachelor attorney pondered many a curious case in his friend's forgotten law, while he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a rapping, as of some one gently tapping—tapping at his chamber door. "'Tis the landlord," he stirred, tapping at my chamber door. Oh, for Peace! The Frightened one! Then he, Peace, chamber flitting, (not even one permitting him to fly into the closet, or to go behind the door,) "Enter!" he cried, "and I'll not ask you for your name; I'll not have to write a receipt for it." Then he looked, and found in the door, down he fell upon the floor. Then there came a chatter, as the spirit gathered round him, and around him very sore did they flutter, flutter, flutter, in the room, and the screws flew—not amidst the volumes of the most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, 'What a bore!'

"It must be something serious; this is confidently suspicious, quite an advent of the Spirit —resurrection con amore. But I understand them mostly! here there came a rap so ghastly, I could no more disbelieve it, than I could disbelieve, and his face grew pale and paler, as he stared at the door, down he fell upon the floor. Then there came a chatter, as the spirit gathered round him, and around him very sore did they flutter, flutter, flutter, in the room, and the screws flew—not amidst the volumes of the most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, 'What a bore!'

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A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

PRETTY COUSIN.—Ethiel, won't you take a few kisses?

ETHIEL.—Er-certainly! not before so many folks, I guess!—"wouldn't be hardly proper, would it?

City Scenes.

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

The Autumn is going with its beauty so glowing,
And Winter is coming with its frosts and its snow!
The rose-vine is fading, no longer its shading
The cot where it clings to the sunny bow!

The dahlias are topping, the ripe fruit is dropping,
The cucumbers are withered and dry on the stalk;
The ring-dove is sighing, the grasshopper dying;
The cricket is chirping, and hides in the walk.

The forests are changing, the wild birds not ranging
To hunt out a hole where the skies are not seen;
The storm deeply flowing, the chilly winds blowing,
All tell us that Winter, cold Winter is near.

Summer's sweets while we're tasting, away all we'll waste,
The days of the peach and the melon are over;
The grapes will be gathered, and we shall not be bothered
To lay up for Winter a portion of each.

Work fewer and harder All the hars and the larder,
The grave-yard will receive its share of the dying,
To lay up for Winter a portion of each.

If there's winters round the hearth-stone and plenty of fuel,
For while we are cherished—to come to be useful,
Let us think of the children of Sorrow and Woing
And give from our treasure, with kind words and cheer.
Of the good gifts of Heaven to help them along

WOMAN.

BY HORACE MANN.

[The following is given in the New York Tribune as the substance of a Lecture recently delivered by Mr. Mann before the Brooklyn Institute:]

In the lecture to which I had the honor of your attention, a week ago, I attempted to say something about the great idea that God is the only male and female on the principle of a Dynamical Ladder. That different functions and different susceptibilities had been given to the sexes in the degree of the distinct conduct a great creation among the independent electors, as the motive power to help it up, and indigenate change out:—Who gin that vote?" The Whig whose situation our friends can have no difficulty in appreciating, and not venture to come forward. Again the moderator called forth,—"Is here any one to vote for Captain Polge?" —Nobody owns it," said the moderator, —and it is rejected." Accordingly the vote of the Democratic party was counted, and it was declared, all for the Democratic side. The same unanimity was to prevail in the town of Dingle. Nominations, which was for twenty years representated in the Legislature by Captain Peter Biddle, its Town Representative." And they were brought in, and Captain Biddle was thus for 21 years chosen by acclamation.

EXCLUSIVENESS SECURED.—A "Rocker," apparently for the first time out of his native city, hearing me, but rather dinner, at the Hardy House, in Boston, asking for a cup of a gill, turned to me and said:—"Stranger, did you ever see a tumbler?" I replied, "I have." replied, "it was for that purpose." —"Well," he said, taking the hint, and then looked for a dried sprig of holm. "Stranger, do you know what that is?" "Yes, it is a species of yucca that grows on the prairie: after you dry it it will keep for a year, and is a most exquisite pick. I have used this two weeks; you see it is not worn out yet," and he took it. He evidently thought me "a stuck up," when I handed him, and declined his friendly offer. Thus ourselves worlds apart. Soon after the dinner was completed in conversation, the other "Rocker," a subject of fighting came on the days of the Sabbath, before the door of the belonged parents. Prayers were offered to Alright Spirit, and all the blessings of worship dwelt in the search. The preliminaries being arranged, a boy low was appointed to go and about the toughest customer to handle.' 'Yes' remarked the parson of the church to which some belonged, 'I should like to see Dr. ——— *ascertained by grace*, could whip him.' 'Yes and I should like to see him try.'

A DODGE.—When Deacon Bowers got into a bad position, he was very expert at crawling out of it. Though quick tempered, he was one of the best men in the world to live with. He was a rather tenderest, bitter an oath, or anything that could be construed into such, was a thing of a rarity day, he was talking upon a knoll in his barnyard; on one side of which was a deep ditch, and on the other an old log. Taking into consideration of his usually quiet disposition, he was allowed to be with the utmost composure in his usually tunch more circumscribed than his. And hence her dependence. And when the Deacon got down, he was in a bad humor than ever. He was in a bad humor than ever. He was in a bad humor than ever. He